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Great-Britain all behold a General brave,  
Who sinking Realms did from Destruction save;  
And often ventur'd too, to spill his Blood,  
To do the best of Queens, and's Country good.

THE  
CAMPAIGN,<sup>(28)</sup>  
A  
POEM,

To his GRACE the  
Duke of *Marlborough*.

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By Mr. ADDISON.

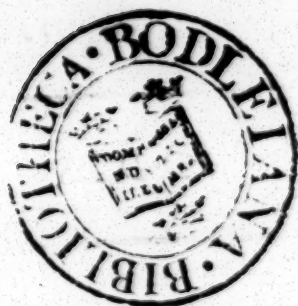
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With REMARKS there-  
on, and a True Account  
of his LIFE, and all the  
Famous Transactions of  
that *British* General.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for T. Warner near Ludgate. 1713  
Price Two Pence.







## The Campaign, a P O E M.

**W**Hile Crouds of Princes Your Deserts proclaim,  
 Proud in their Number to enroll Your Name ;  
 While Emperors to You commit their Cause,  
 And (a) *ANNA*'s Praises crown the vast Applause ;  
 Accept, Great Leader, what the Muse recites,  
 That in ambitious Verse attempts your Fights,  
 Fir'd and transported with a Theme so new :  
 Ten Thousand Wonders op'ning to my View  
 Shine forth at once ; Sieges and Storms appear,  
 And Wars and Conquests fill th' Important Year,  
 Rivers of Blood I see, and Hills of Slain,  
 An Iliad rising out of One Campaign.

The Haughty (b) *Gaul* beheld, with tow'ring Pride,  
 His ancient Bounds enlarg'd on ev'ry Side,  
 (c) *Pirene*'s lofty Barriers were subdu'd,  
 And in the midst of his wide Empire stood ;  
 (d) *Aufonia*'s States, the Victor to restrain,  
 Oppos'd their (e) *Alps* and (f) *Appenines* in vain,  
 Nor found themselves, with strength of Rocks im-  
 Behind their Everlasting Hills secur'd ; [mur'd,  
 The rising (g) *Donube* its long Race began,  
 And half its Course through the new Conquests ran ;  
 Amaz'd and anxious for her Sov'raign's Fates,  
 (h) *Germania*

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(a) A sacred Name, in which is Charm sufficient to inspire the  
 greatest Cowards to fight for the Honour of their Queen and Country.  
 (b) The antient Name of the French. (c) Very high Mountains  
 which divide France from Spain. (d) A Part of Italy, in which  
 stands Beneventum, an antient City of the Samnites. (e) Very  
 high Mountains which divide France from Italy. (f) A Mountain  
 which divides Italy in the middle. (g) The greatest River in Europe.

(h) *Germania* trembled through a hundred States ;  
 Great (i) *Leopold* himself was seiz'd with Fear,  
 He gaz'd around, but saw no Succour near,  
 He gaz'd, and half abandon'd to Despair  
 His Hopes in Heav'n, and Confidence in Pray'r.

To *Britan's* QUEEN the Nation turns their Eyes,  
 On Her Resolves the Western World relies,  
 Confiding still, amidst its dire Alarms,  
 In *ANNA's* Councils, and in (k) *Churchill's* Arms :  
 Thrice Happy *Britain*, from the Kingdoms rent,  
 To sit the Guardian of the Continent !  
 That sees her Bravest Son advanc'd so high,  
 And flourishing so near her Prince's Eye ;  
 Thy Fav'rites grow not up by Fortune's sport,  
 Or from the Crimes, or Follies of a Court ;  
 On the firm Basis of Desert they rise,  
 From long try'd Faith, and Friendship's Holy Ties :  
 Their Sov'raign's well-distinguish'd Smiles they share,  
 Her Ornaments in Peace, her Strength in War ,  
 The Nation thanks them with a Publick Voice,  
 By Show'rs of Blessings Heav'n approves their Choice ;  
 Envy it self is dumb, in Wonder lost,  
 And Factions strive who shall applaud 'em most.

Soon as soft Vernal Breezes warm the Sky,  
 (l) *Britannia's* Colours in the Zephyrs fly ;  
 Her Chief already has his March begun,  
 Crossing the Provinces himself had won.  
 'Till the (m) *Moselle*, appearing from afar, Retard

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(h) One of the greatest Provinces in Europe, bounded on the East with Hungary and Poland ; on the South with Italy ; on the West with France ; and on the North with the North-Sea, and with the Sea call'd Mare Balticum. (i) The Father of the present Emperor of Germany. (k) The Sir Name of the Duke of Marlborough.

(l) The general Name of England, Wales and Scotland, which make the greatest Island in the whole World. (m) A River in that Part of the Netherlands call'd Luxemburgh which there washes Maifiers, Thionville, Remich, Wasserhillick ; and runs into Germany.

Retards the Progress of the Moving War:  
 Delightful Stream, had Nature bid her Fall  
 In distant Climes, far from the perjur'd *Gaul*;  
 But now a Purchase to the Sword she lies,  
 Her Harvests for uncertain Owners rise,  
 Each Vineyard doubtful of its Master grows,  
 And to the Victor's Bowl each Vintage flows:  
 The discontented Shades of slaughter'd Hosts,  
 That wander'd on her Banks, her Heroes Ghosts  
 Hoped, when they saw *Britannia's* Arms appear,  
 The Vengeance due to their great Deaths was near.

Our God-like Leader, e'er the Streams he past,  
 The mighty Scheme of all his Labours cast,  
 Forming the wond'rous Year within his Thoughts;  
 His Bosom glow'd with Battles yet unfought:  
 The long laborious March he first surveys,  
 And joins the distant *Danube* to the (n) *Mæse*,  
 Between whose Floods such pathless Forests grow,  
 Such Mountains rise, so many Rivers flow:  
 The Toil looks lovely in the Hero's Eyes,  
 And Danger serves but to enhance the Prize.

Big with the Fate of (o) *Europe*, he renews  
 His dreadful Course, and the proud Foe pursues:  
 Infected by the burning Scorpion's Heat,  
 The sultry Gales round his chaf'd Temples beat,  
 'Till on the Borders of the (p) *Maine* he finds  
 Defensive Shadows, and refreshing Winds:  
 Our *British* Youth, with in-born Freedom bold,  
 Unnumber'd Scenes of Servitude behold,  
 Nations of Slaves, with Tyranny debas'd,  
 (Their Maker's Image more than half defac'd)

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(n) *A River in the Low-Countries, into which the River Wel-  
 dres, which washes Viviers, falls at Leige*

(o) *That Part of the World, wherein Christianity is established;  
 and though it is lesser than Asia, Africk or America; yet it excels  
 those Parts in Worthiness, Power, Renown, Multitude of well-built  
 Cities, and of People skilful in all kind of Arts.*

(p) *A small Province near the Empire.*



Hourly instructed, as they urge their Toil,  
To prize their QUEEN,, and love their Native Soil.

Still to the rising Sun they take their Way  
Through Clouds of Dust, and gain upon the Day.  
When now the (q) *Neckar* on its friendly Coast  
With cooling Streams revives the fainting Host,  
That chearfully its Labours past forgets,  
The Midnight Watches, and the Noon-day Heats.

O'er prostrate Towns and Palaces they pass,  
(Now cover'd o'er with Weeds, and hid in Grass)  
Breathing Revenge, whilst Anger and Disdain  
Fire ev'ry Breast, and boil in ev'ry Vein:  
Here shatter'd Walls, like broken Rocks, from far  
Rise up in hideous Views, the Guilt of War,  
Whilst here the Vine o'er Hills of Ruin climbs,  
Industrious to conceal great (r) *Bombon's* Crimes.

At length the Fame of (s) *England's* Hero drew,  
(t) *Eug'nio* to the glorious Interview;  
Great Souls by Instinct to each other turn,  
Demand Alliance, and in Friendship burn;  
A sudden Friendship, while with stretch'd out Rays  
They meet each other, mingling Blaze with Blaze.  
Polish'd in Courts, and harden'd in the Field,  
Renown'd for Conquest, and in Council skill'd,  
Their Courage dwells not in a troubled Flood  
Of mounting Spirits, and fermenting Blood;  
Lodg'd in the Soul, with Virtue over-rul'd,  
Inflam'd by Reason, and by Reason cool'd,  
In Hours of Peace content to be unknown,  
And only in the Field of Battel shown,  
To Souls like these in mutual Friendship join'd,  
Heav'n dares entrust the Cause of Human kind.

(q) *A River in the Netherlands.*

(r) *The Family from which the present King of France is descended.*

(s) *The chiefest Part of Great-Britain, situated in a temperate Soil, and wholesome Air.*

(t) *General of the Imperial Forces.*



Britannia's graceful Sons appear in Arms,  
 Her Harras'd Troops the Hero's Presence warms,  
 Whilst the high Hills and Rivers all around  
 With Thund'ring Peals of (u) *British* Shouts resound :  
 Doubling th eir speed they march with fresh Delight,  
 Eager for Glory, and require the Fight.  
 So the stanch Hound the trembling Deer pursues,  
 And smells his Footsteps in the tainted Dews,  
 The tedious Tack unrav'ling by degrees :  
 But when the Scene comes warm in ev'ry Breeze,  
 Fir'd at the near Approach, he shoots away  
 On his full Stretch, and bears upon his Prey.

The March concludes, the various Realms are past,  
 Th' Immortal (w) *Schellenberg* appears at last :  
 Like Hills th' aspiring Ramparts rise on high,  
 Like Vallies at their Feet the Trenches lie ;  
 Batt'ries on Batt'ries guard each fatal Pass,  
 Threat'ning Destruction ; Rows of hollow Brass,  
 Tube behind Tube, the dreadful Entrance keep,  
 Whilst in their Wombs Ten Thousand Thunders sleep :  
 Great *Churchill* owns, charm'd with the glorious fight,  
 His March o'er-paid by such a promis'd Fight.

The Western Sun now shot a feeble Ray,  
 And faintly scatter'd the Remains of Day,  
 Ev'ning approach'd, but oh what Hosts of Foes  
 Were never to behold that Ev'ning close !  
 Thick'ning their Ranks, and wedg'd in firm Array,  
 The close compacted (x) *Britain's* win their Way ;  
 In vain the Cannon their throng'd War defac'd  
 With Tracts of Death, and laid the Battle waste ;

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Still

(u) *Pertaining to Great-Britain.*

(w) *A Place near Donawart, where the Duke of Mariborough obtain'd a signal Victory over the Bavarians, on the 26th of June, N. S. 1704.*

(x) *The proper Name assum'd by either the English, Welsh or Scots, since the happy Union.*

Still pressing forward to the Fight, they broke  
Through Flames of Sulphur, and a Night of Smoke,  
'Till slaughter'd Legions fill'd the Trench below,  
And bore their fierce Avengers to the Foe.

(y) High on the Works the mingling Host engage,  
The Battel kindled into Tenfold Rage  
With Show'rs of Bullets, and with Storms of Fire  
Burns with full Fury, Heaps on Heaps expire,  
Nations with Nations mixt confus'dly die,  
And lost in one promiscuous Carnage lye

How many gen'rous Britons meet their Doom,  
New to the Field, and Heroes in their Bloom !  
Th' Illustrious Youths that left their Native Shore  
To march where Britons never march'd before.

(O Fatal Love of Fame ! O Glorious Heat  
Only Destructive to the Brave and Great !)  
After such Toils o'ercome, such Dangers past,  
Stretch'd on (z) *Bavarian* Ramparts breathe their last.  
But hold, my Muse, may no Complaints appear,  
Nor blot the Day with an ungrateful Tear :  
While (a) *Marlbro'* lives *Britannia's* Stars dispence  
A friendly Light, and shine in Innocence.  
Plunging thro' Seas of Blood his fiery Sreed  
Where e'er his Friends retire, or Foes succeed ;  
Those he supports, these drives to sudden Flight,  
And turns the various Fortune of the Fight.

Forbear, Great Man, Renown'd in Arms, forbear  
To brave the thickest Terrors of the War, Nor

(y) This Paragraph is an Allusion to these Lines of Lucan ; in the 1st Book of his *Pharsalia*

*Cognatasque acies, & rupto fœdere regni*

*Certatum totis concussis viribus abis*

*In commune nefas, infestisque obvia signis*

*Signa, pares aquilas, et vila minantia pilis.*

(z) Pertaining to Bavaria, whose Elector is at present under the Ban of the Empire, for being in Alliance with the French King.

(a) A Town in Wiltshire, which gives the Title of a Duke to his Grace John Churchill, who is also a Prince of the Empire.

Nor hazzard thus, confus'd in Crouds of Foes,  
 (b) *Britannia's* Safety, and the World's Repose ;  
 Let Nations anxious for thy Life abate  
 This Scorn of Danger, and Contempt of Fate:  
 Thou liv'st not for thy self ; thy QUEEN demands  
 Conquest and Peace from thy Victorious Hands ;  
 Kingdoms and Empires in thy Fortune joyn,  
 And *Europe's* Destiny depends on Thine.

At length the long-disputed Pass they gain,  
 By crouded Armies fortify'd in vain ;  
 The War breaks in the fierce *Bavarians* yield,  
 And see their Camp with *British* Legions fill'd.  
 So (c) *Belgian* Mounts bear on their shatter'd Sides  
 The Sea's whole weight, encreas'd with swelling  
 But if the rushing Oave a Passage finds, [Tides,  
 Enrag'd by watry Moons, and warring Winds,  
 The trembling Peasant sees his Country round,  
 Cover'd with Tempests, and in Oceans drown'd.

The few surviving Foes dispart in Flight,  
 (Refuse of Swords, and Gleanings of a Fight)  
 In ev'ry rustling Wind the Victor hear,  
 And *Marlbro's* Form in ev'ry Shadow fear,  
 Till the dark Cope of (d) Night with kind Embrace  
 Besiends the Rout, and covers their Disgrace.

To (e) *Donawert*, with unresisted Force,  
 The gay Victorious Army bends in Course ;  
 The Growth of Meadows, and the Pride of Fields,  
 Whatever Spoils *Bavaria's* Summer yields,  
 (The *Danube's* great Increase) *Britannia's* shares,  
 The Food of Armies, and Support of Wars :

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With

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(b) *Our Country so call'd (as some Historians write) from Brute, who came from the Siege of Troy, and settled with some of his Trojans in this Island.*

(c) *Pertaining to Belgia, the ancient Name of the 17 Provinces.*

(d) *The Battle at Schellenberg held till Night, when the Duke of Bavaria was beaten out of his Trenches.*

(e) *A Town situated on the Danube.*



With Magazines of Death, destructive Balls,  
And Cannons doom'd to batter *London's* Walls,  
The Victor finds each hidden Cavern stor'd,  
And turns their Fury on their Guilty Lord.

Deluded Prince ! how is thy Greatness crost,  
And all the gaudy Dream of Empire lost,  
That proudly set thee on a fancy'd Throne,  
And made Imaginary Rules thy own !  
Thy Troops, that now behind the *Danube* join,  
Shall shortly seek for shelter from the (f) *Rhine* :  
Nor find it there : Surrounded with Alarms,  
Thou hop'st th' Assistance of the *Gallic* Arms ;  
The *Gallic* Arms in Safety shall Advance,  
And crowd thy Standards with the Pow'r of (g) *France*,  
While to exalt thy Doom, th' aspiring *Gaul*  
Shares thy Destruction, and adorns thy Fall.

Unbounded Courage and Compassion join'd,  
Temp'ring each other in the Victor's Mind,  
Alternately proclaim him Good and Great,  
And make the (h) Hero and the Man compleat.  
✓ Long did he strive th' obdurate Foe to gain,  
By proffer'd Grace, but long he strove in vain :  
'Till fir'd at length he thinks in vain to spare  
His rising Wrath, and gives a Loose to War.  
In Vengeance rous'd the Soldier fills his Hand  
With Sword and Fire, and ravages the Land ;  
A Thousand Villages to Ashes turns,  
In cracking Flames a Thousand Harvests burns :  
To the thick Woods the woolly Flocks retreat,  
And mixt with bellowing Herds confus'dly bleat ;  
Their trembling Lords the common Shade partake,  
And cries of Infants found in every Brake .      The

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(f) *A great River in Germany.*

(g) *A large Kingdom bounded on the East with Germany: on the South with the Mediterranean Sea; on the South-East with the Alps; and on the North with the British Sea.*

(h) *A great Word bestow'd on any famous General.*



The list'ning Soldier fixt in Sorrow stands,  
Loth to Obe'y his Leader's just Commands;  
The Leader grieves, by gen'rous Pity sway'd,  
To see his just Commands so well obey'd..

But now the Trumpet terrible from far  
In shriller Clangors animates the War,  
Confed'rate Drums in fuller Confort Beat,  
And echoing Hills the loud Alarm repeat:  
(i) *Gill's* proud Standards, to *Beveria's* joyn'd,  
Unfurled their gilded Lillies in the Wind;  
The daring Prince his blasted Hopes renews,  
And while the thick embattled Host he views  
Stretcht out in deep Array, and dreadful Length  
His Heart dilates, and glories in his Strength.

The fatal Day its mighty Course began,  
That the griev'd World had long desir'd in vain:  
States that their New Captivity bemoan'd,  
Armies of Martyrs that in Exile groan'd,  
Sighs from the Depth of gloomy Dungeons heard,  
And Pray'rs in Bitterness of Soul prefer'd,  
*Europe's* loud Cries, that Providence assail'd,  
And (k) *ANNA's* Ardent Vows at length prevail'd;  
The Day was come when Heav'n design'd to show  
His Care and Conduct of the World below.

Behold in awful March and dread Array  
The long Extended Squadrons shape their Way!  
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts  
An envious Horror to the Bravest Hearts.  
Yet do their beating Breasts demand the Strife,  
And Thirst of Glory quells the Love of Life;  
No vulgar Fears can *British* Minds controul,  
Heat of Revenge, and Noble Pride of Soul  
O'er-look the Foe, advantag'd by his Post,  
Lessen his Numbers, and Contract his Host: Tho

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(i) *The same as France, which was so call'd by the antient Romans.*

(k) *Our glorious Sovereign, more renown'd than Queen Elizabeth.*

Tho' Fens and Floods possess the middle Space,  
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass,  
Nor Fens nor Floods could stop *Britannia's* (1) Bands,  
When Her proud Foe rang'd on their Borders stands.

But O, my (m) Muse, what Numbers wilt thou find  
To sing the furious Troops in Battle join'd !  
Methinks I hear the Drum's tumultuous Sound  
The Victor's Shouts and Dying Groans confound,  
The dreadful Burst of Cannon rend the Skies,  
And all the Thunder of the Battel rise.  
'Twas then great *Marlbro's* mighty Soul was prov'd,  
That, in the Shock of Charging Hosts unmov'd,  
Amidst Confusion, Horror, and Despair,  
Examin'd all the Dreadful Scenes of War ;  
In peaceful Thought the Field of Death survey'd,  
To fainting Squadrons sent the timely Aid,  
Inspir'd repuls'd Battalions to engage,  
And taught the doubtful Battel where to rage.  
So when an Angel by Divine Command  
With rising Tempests shakes a guilty Land,  
Such as of late o'er pale *Britannia* past,  
Calm and Serene he drives the furious Blast ;  
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's Orders to perform,  
Rides in the Whirl-wind, and directs the Storm.

But see the haughty Household-Troops advance !  
The Dread of *Europe*, and the Pride of *France*,  
The Wars whole Art each private Soldier knows,  
And with a Gen'ral's Love of Conquest glows ;  
Proudly he Marches on, and void of Fear,  
Laughs at the shaking of the *British* Spear ;  
Vain Insolence ! with Native Freedom brave,  
The meanest *Briton* scorns the highest Slave,  
Contemp and Fury fire their Souls by turns,  
Each Nation's Glory in each Warrior burns ;      Each

(1) They being ever terrible to all Foreign Armies.

(m) Any one of the nine Sisters, who were the Daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne; famous for Poetry and Musick.

Each fights, as in his Arm th' important Day  
 And all the Fate of his great Monarch lay :  
 A Thousand glorious Actions that might claim  
 Triumphant Laurels, and Immortal Fame,  
 Confus'd in Crowp of glorious Actions lye,  
 And Troops of Heroes undistinguish'd dye.  
 O (n) *Dormer*, how can I behold thy Fate,  
 And not the Wonders of thy Youth relate !  
 How can I see the Gay, the Brave, the Young,  
 Fall in the Cloud of War, and lye unsung !  
 In Joys of Conquest he resigns his Breath,  
 And, fill'd with *England's* Glory, smiles in Death.

The Rout begins, the *Gallic* Squadrons run,  
 Compell'd in Crouds to meet the Fate they shun ;  
 Thousands of fiery Steeds with Wounds transfix'd,  
 Floating in Gore, with their dead Masters mixt :  
 Midst heaps of Spears and Standards driv'n around,  
 Lye in the *Danube's* bloody Whirl-pools drown'd.  
 Troops of bold Youths, born on the distant (o) *Soan*,  
 Or founded Borders of the Rapid (p) *Rhone*,  
 Or where the (q) *Seine* her flow'ry Fields divides,  
 Or where the (r) *Loire* thro' winding Vineyards glides,  
 In

(n) *A Lieutenant Colonel in the Guards, kill'd at the Battle of Hochster*

(o) *A small River emptying it self into the River Rhone.*

(p) *A River in France, which arising at the Foot of the Mountain St. Godart, it comes from the Alps of the upper Valois, and is not far from the Rhine and Danube.*

(q) *The principal River in France, which comes from the Mountain Vogesus, in the Duchy of Burgundy ; and takes it Name from a small Village call'd St. Seine, as being the nearest Place of Note to its Source.*

(r) *Another River in France, taking its Origine at the Foot of Mount Gerbies of Jou, in the Parish of St. Marial of the Diocess of Viviers ; and it is called by this Name from a Country-House near it's Source call'd Loire, which is in the Parish of St. Eulalie of the same Diocess, five Leagues from the Town of Pardeles in Vivarez, and six from that of Du-puy in Velay.*



In heaps of Rolling Billows sweep away,  
 And into (s) *Scythian* Seas their bloated Corps convey.  
 From (t) *Bleinheim* Towers the *Gun* with wild Affright,  
 Behold the various Havock of the Fight ;  
 His waving Banners, that so oft had stood,  
 Planted in Fields of Death, and streams of Blood,  
 So wont the guarded Enemy to reach,  
 And rise Triumphant in the Fatal Breach,  
 Or pierce the broken Foe's remotest Lines,  
 The hardy Veteran with Tears resigns.

Unfortunate (u) *Tallard* ! Oh who can name  
 The Pangs of Rage, of Sorrow, and of Shame,  
 That with mixt Tumult in thy Bosom swel'd !  
 When first thou saw'st thy bravest Troops repell'd,  
 Thine Only Son pierc'd with a Deadly Wound,  
 Choak'd in his Blood, and gasping on the Ground ;  
 Thy self in Bondage by the Victor kept !  
 The Chief, the Father, and the Captive wept.  
 An *English* Muse is touch'd with gen'rous Woe,  
 And in th' unhappy Man forgets the Foe.  
 Greatly Distress'd ! thy loud Complaints forbear,  
 Blame not the Turns of Fate, and Chance of War ;  
 Give thy brave Foes their Due, nor blush to own,  
 The fatal Field by such great Leaders won,  
 The Field whence tam'd *Eugene* bore away,  
 Only the Second Honours of the Day.

With Floods of Gore that from the Vanquish'd fell,  
 The Marshes stagnate, and the Rivers swell.  
 Mountains of Slain lye heap'd upon the Ground,  
 Or 'midst the Roarings of the (w) *Danube* drown'd ;

(s) So called from a cold Country, situated partly in Europe, and partly in Asia.

(t) A Village in Germany, near which the Duke of Marlborough obtain'd a signal Victory over the French and Bavarians.

(u) The French General, took Prisoner, and sent over to England, where he was confin'd at Nottingham eight Years.

(w) Into which River his Grace push'd upwards of thirty Squadrons of the French.



Whole Captive Hosts he Conqueror detains  
 In painful Bondage, and inglorious Chains;  
 Ev'n those who 'scape the Fetters and the Sword,  
 Nor seek the Fortunes of a happier Lord,  
 Their raging King dishonours to compleat  
*Marlbro's* great Work, and finish the Defeat.

From (x) *Memmingh.*n's high Domes, and (y) *Aus-*  
*[burg's Walls,*

The distant Battle drives th' insulting *Gauls*,  
 Free'd by the Terror of the Victor's Name  
 The rescu'd States his great Protection claim;  
 Whilst (z) *Ulm*e th' approach of her Deliv'rer waits,  
 And longs to open her obsequious Gates.

The Hero's Breast still swells with great Designs,  
 In ev'ry Thought the tow'ring Genius shines:  
 If to the Foe his dreadful Course he bends,  
 O'er the wide Continent his March extends;  
 If Sieges in his lab'ring Thoughts are form'd,  
 Camps are assaulted, and an Army storm'd;  
 If to the Fight his active Soul is bent,  
 The Fate of *Europe* turns on its Event.

What distant Land, what Region can afford

An Action worthy his Victorious Sword:

Where will he next the flying *Gaul* defeat,  
 To make the Series of his Toils compleat?

Where the swoln *Rhine* rushing with all its Force  
 Divides the Hostile Nations in its Course,  
 While each contracts its Bounds, or wider grows,  
 Enlarg'd or straiten'd as the River flows,

C

On

(x) *A Town in the Circle of Swabia.*

(y) *The chief Town of the Circle of Swabia, being a very ancient and considerable Place, standing thirty-five Miles N. W. from Munich, at the confluence of the Leck and the Werrach, which fall with joint Forces into the Danube, Twenty-five Miles lower.*

(z) *A Town which surrender'd in 1704, to the Confederate Forces, who found therein 233 Cannon, 26 Mortars, and 12000 Barrels of Powder.*

On *Gallia's* Side a mighty Bulwark stands,  
 That all the wide extended Plain commands;  
 Twice, since the War was kindled, has it try'd  
 The Victor's Rage, and twice has chang'd its Side;  
 As oft whole Armies, with the Prize o'erjoy'd,  
 Have the long Summer on its Walls employ'd.  
 Hither our mighty Chief his Arms directs,  
 Hence future Triumphs from the War expects;  
 And, tho' the Dog star had its Course begun,  
 Carries his Arms still nearer to the Sun:  
 Fixt on the glorious Action, he forgets  
 The Change of Seasons, and Increase of Heats:  
 No Toils are painful that can Danger show,  
 No Climes unlovely, that contain a Foe.

The roving *Gaul* to his own Bounds restrain'd,  
 Learns to encamp within his Native Land,  
 But soon as the Victories Host he spies,  
 From Hill to Hill, from Stream to Stream he flies:  
 Such dire Impressions in his Heart remain  
 Of *Marlbro's* Sword, and (a) *Hockstet's* fatal Plain:  
 In vain *Britannia's* mighty Chief besets  
 Their shady Coverts, and obscure Retreats;  
 Then fly the Conqueror's approaching Fame,  
 That bears the Force of Armies in his Name.

(b) *Austria's* Young Monarch, whose Imperial Sway  
 Sceptres and Thrones are destin'd to obey,  
 Whose boasted Ancestry so high extends  
 That in the Pagan Gods his Lineage ends,  
 Comes from a-far, in Gratitude to own  
 The great Supporter of his Father's Throne:  
 What Tides of Glory to his Bosom ran,  
 Claps'd in th' Embraces of the God-like Man?  
 How were his Eyes with pleasing Wonder fixt  
 To see such Fire with so much Sweetness mixt,

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(a) *A Village not far from Blenheim.*

(b) *A part of Germany, which gave the Title of an Arch-Duk  
 to the present Emperor Charles.*

Such easie Greatness, such a graceful Port,  
So turn'd and finish'd for the Camp or Court!

(c) *Achilles* thus was form'd with ev'ry Grace,  
And (d) *Nireus* shone but in the second Place;  
Thus the great Father of Almighty (e) *Rome*  
(Divinely flusht with un Immortal Bloom  
That (f) *Cytherea's* fragrant Breath bestow'd)  
In all the Charmes of his bright Mother glow'd.

The Royal Youth by *Marlbro's* Presence charm'd,  
Taught by his Counsels, by his Actions warm'd,  
On (g) *Landau* with redoubled Fury Falls,  
Discharges all his Thunder on its Walls,  
O'er Mines and Caves of Death provokes the Fight,  
And learns to Conquer in the Hero's sight.

The *British* Chief, for mighty Toils renown'd,  
Increas'd in Titles, and with Conquests crown'd,  
To *Belgian* Coasts his tedious March renews,  
And the long Windings of the *Rhine* pursues,  
Clearing its Borders from Uurping Foes,  
And blest by rescu'd Nations as he goes.

(h) *Treves* fears no more, free'd from its dire Alarms,  
And (i) *Traerbach* feels the Terror of his Arms,  
Seated on Rocks her proud Foundations shake,  
While *Marlbro* presses to the bold Attack,  
Plants all his Batt'ries, bids his Cannon roar,  
And shows how *Landau* might have fall'n before.

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Scar'd

(c) *The chief Hero among the Grecians in the Trojan Wars.*

(d) *The Son of Charopus and Achaia, who was at the Siege of Troy.*

(e) *The Founder of which City was Romulus, who built it above 700 Years before the Birth of our Saviour.*

(\*) *An Epithire sometimes apply'd to Venus.*

(g) *A strong Garrison lately took from the French.*

(h) *An Electorate, having an Arch-bishop for it's Elector.*

(i) *Took by the Duke of Marlborough formerly.*



scar'd at his near Approach, Great (k) *Louis* fears  
 Vengeance reserv'd for his declining Years,  
 Forgets his Thirst of Universal Sway,  
 And scarce can teach his Subjects to Obey ;  
 His Arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,  
 Th' Ambitious Projects of his Race destroy'd,  
 The Work of Ages sunk in one Campaign,  
 And Lives of Millions sacrific'd in vain.

Such are the Effects of *ANNA's* Royal Cares,  
 By Her, *Britannia*, great in Foreign Wars,  
 Ranges through Nations, wheresoe'er disjoin'd,  
 Without the wonted Aid of Sea and Wind.  
 By Her th' unfetter'd (l) *Ister's* States are free,  
 And taste the Sweets of *English* Liberty,  
 But who can tell the Joys of those that lye  
 Beneath the constant Influence of Her Eye  
 Whilst in diffusive Shows Her Bounties fall ;  
 Like Heav'n's Indulgence, and descend on All,  
 Secure the Happy, succour the Distrest,  
 Make ev'ry Subject glad, and a whole People blest.

Thus would I fain *Britannia's* Wars rehearse,  
 In the smooth Records of a Faithful Verse ;  
 That if such Numbers can o'er Time prevail,  
 May tell Posterity the wonderful Tale.  
 When Actions, Unadorn'd, are faint and weak,  
 Cities and Countries must be taught to speak ;  
 God's may descend in Factions from the Skies,  
 And Rivers from their Oozy Beds arise ;  
 Fiction may deck the Truth with spurious Rays,  
 And round the Hero cast a borrow'd Blaze.  
*Marlbro's* Exploits appear divinely bright,  
 And proudly shine in their own Native Light ;  
 Rais'd of themselves, their genuin Charms they boast,  
 And those who Paint 'em truest Praise 'em most.

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(k) *The 14th King of France of that Name, born the 15th of September, 1637.*

(l) *The same as the River Danube:*



*An Account of all the most Famous  
Transactions perform'd by his Grace  
John Duke of Marlborough.*

**T**HIS Great Man, whose Life has been so full of Variety, came first to Court in the Reign of King *Charles II.* by the Favour of King *James II.* and being sprung from a Knightly Family in *Wiltshire*, and a Son of Sir *Winstan Churchill*, a Gentleman of an extraordinary Character to all Persons that knew him.

His first Step to Advancement was the Honour of a Colours in the Royal Foot-Guards, which was procur'd for him by the Duke of *York*, while a Youth, rather to humour his forward Inclination that way, than any Advantage to be made by it. He soon after went over to *France* with the Duke of *Monmouth*, who gave him a Company in his own Regiment; and serv'd at the Siege of *Maeftricht*, then under the direction of the *French* King in Person.

Upon his Return to *England*, by a particular Character of his Bravery and Conduct from the Duke of *Monmouth*, he was made Lieutenant Colonel to Sir *Charles Littleton*, and Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber, and Master of the Robes to the Duke of *York*. Not long after which, King *Charles* created him Baron of *Aymouth* in *Scotland*. King *James* now ascending the Throne, he was immediately made Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber, and Captain of a Troop of his Life-Guard. In the first Year of his Reign, 1685. May 14th, he created him a Baron of this Realm, by  
the

the Title of Lord Churchil of Sandbridge, in the County of *Hertford*. King *William* was no sooner on the Throne, but he was made Gentleman of the King's Bed-Chamber; and in the first Year of his Reign, 1689, created Earl of *Marlborough*.

The same Year he commanded the *English* Forces in *Flanders*, and was then with Prince *Waldeck* at the Shock of *Walcourt*; and *Anno* 1690, was sent General of the Forces to reduce *Cork* and *Kingsale*, which Service he perform'd with great Dispatch. The next Year he made the Campaign under K. *W.* in *Flanders*, was constituted Governour to the D. of *Gloucester*, and sworn of Her Majesty's Privy-Council, and one of the Lords Justices; which he serv'd three Times in the King's Absence, who (*Anno* 1701.) appointed him General of the Foot, and Commander in Chief of the *English* Forces in *Holland*, also Ambassador and Plenipotentiary for the Negotiations at the *Hague*. In the first of *Q. Anne*, he was made Captain General of Her Majesty's Land-Forces, Elected Kt. of the Garter, and dispatch'd with the Character of Her Majesty's Ambassador and Plenipotentiary to the States of *Holland*.

In 1712, he commanded the Army in *Flanders*, he took *Venlo*, *Ruremond*, *Stevenswaert*, *Leigh*, &c., and on his return to *England*, was made Marquis of *Blandford*, and Duke of *Marlborough*.

In the Year, 1704, he march'd to the *Denube*, routed the *French* and *Barvarian* Forces at *Schellenbergh*, and afterwards defeated them at *Hochster*; was made a Prince of the *Roman Empire*, and on his return to *England*, had the manner of *Woodstock*, and the Hundred of *Wooten* voted to him and his Heirs, and the next Year settled by Act of Parliament.

In 1705, he march'd to the *Moselle*, return'd to the *Netherlands*, rais'd the Siege of *Liege*, and forc'd the  
French

*French* Lines; and at the end of which Campaign, he made a Tour to *Vienna*, where the Emperor made him a Grant of the Lordship of *Mildenheim*, formerly possess'd by Duke *Maximilian*, Uncle to the present Duke of *Bavaria*; from which time he was distinguish'd throughout the Empire, by the Style and Title of Prince of *Mildenheim*; and was afterwards invested therein, and admitted, by his *Plenipotentiary* Mr. *Stepny*, to Sit and Vote in the Colledge of *Princes*.

In the Year 1706 he gave an entire Defeat to the *French* and *Bavarian* Forces at *Rammelies*, and gain'd the whole Country of *Brabant* to the Allies.

In the Year 1708 he ( with Prince *Eugene* ) defeated the *French* and *Spanish* Army at *Audenarde*, cover'd the Siege of *Lisle*, succour'd *Brussels*, when Besieg'd by the Duke of *Bavaria*, and retook *Ghent* and *Bruges*.

In the Year 1709 he besieg'd and took *Tournay*, afterwards gave a bloody Battel to the *French* Army at *Blareignes*, and ended the Campaign with the Reduction of *Mons*.

In the Year 1710 he took *Douay*, *Bethune*, *St.enant* and *Aire*; which put the Enemy once more upon endeavouring to renew the Treaty of Peace.

In



In the Year 1711, after Prince *Eugene* had separated from him with above 20000 Men, he pass'd the *French Lines* by a wonderful Stratum, and retook *Bouchain*.

[tune strove,

Thus, thus whilst daring Fate and For-  
 The first to give most Honour, & other  
 [Love  
 Such Feats were done beyond Sea by his  
 [Grace,  
 Which will for ever Eternize his Race.

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F I N I S

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